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Canada's Poet

yours alway

James Gay

"Poet Laureate of Canada & Master of All Poets"

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THE "Saturday Review" has treated "CANADA'S POET" as the thinnest joke of the generation. But the fact is this amusing book is not a joke at all. The whole point of its publication is, that like "English as She is Spoke," it is a serious book, seriously written, and its author, James Gay, is serious in believing himself to be on a level with Lord Tennyson, to whom it will be observed his "poems" are affectionately dedicated.—*The Weekly Register.*

CANADA

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CANADA'S POET.

Canada's Poet

yours alway

With an
Introduction by

JAMES MILLINGTON.

James Gay
Poet Laureate of Canada and Master of All Poets this day

LONDON:
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For continuation of Book List see end of volume.

DEDICATION.

To Dr. C. L. Alfred Tennyson,

Poet Laureate of England, Baron, &c., &c.

Dear Sir,

Now Longfellow is gone there are only two of us left. There ought to be no rivalry between us two.

"A poet's mind is clear and bright,
No room for hatred, malice or spite."

To my brother poet I affectionately dedicate these original verses, not

before printed. Other verses from my pen, when so inspired, have been numerously printed in Canadian and American papers:

> *"Giving a few outlines of my fellow-man,*
> *As nigh as I can see or understand."*

Almost the first poetry I can remember is the beautiful line—

> *"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do;"*

and similar sentiments likewise occur in my own poems—

> *"Up, up with your flag, let it wave where it will:*
> *A natural born poet his mind can't keep still."*

I do not know whether a Baron or a Poet Laureate gets any wages in England. In Canada there is no pay.

> *"Ambition is a great thing, of this I must say;*
> *This has been proved by the poet James Gay;*
> *He feels like Lord Beaconsfield, and best left alone;*
> *Respects every man and yet cares for none."*

It is a solemn thing to reflect that I am the link connecting two great countries.

I hope when I am gone another may raise up.

I believe you have one boy, dear Sir, and I read in the papers the other day as he had been play-acting somewheres. I once exhibited a two-headed colt myself at several fairs, ten cents admission, and know something about play-acting and the like.

DON'T YOU LET HIM.

I hope to be in England sometime during the present year, if spared, and shall not fail to call round, if not too far from my lodging for a man nigh upon seventy-four, which, dear Sir, is the age of

Yours alway,

James Gay,
(this day).

Poet Laureate of Canada,
and Master of all Poets.
Royal City of Guelph, Ontario.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE TO

"CANADA'S POET."

THESE poems see light in London by the accident of circumstances. Noticing in the *Detroit Free Press*—in which the address in Canada of the author was given—an appreciative criticism of Gay's poems, a written application was sent from here :—"*Send us a volume of your poems and we will remit.*" A printed volume was naturally expected, with a charge say, of half-a-dollar or so; but in place the poet mailed a batch of original manuscript for publication. It was gathered that scattered and fugitive poems only had hitherto appeared in print.

THE LEADENHALL PRESS, E.C.

INTRODUCTION.

SEVEN cities contended for the honour of having been the birth-place of Homer. To avoid all possibility of future strife and heart-burning, let it be recorded that James Gay, the living and ever-living Poet Laureate of Canada and Master of all Poets, whose untrammelled Muse scorns the metric bonds traditionally imposed upon the sweet singers of the Old World, was born on March 24th, 1810, at Bratton, Clovelly, Devonshire, England.

Who does not know Clovelly, with its cascade of picturesque cottages apparently tumbling over a precipitous cliff into the blue western sea? Born among such scenes, where the genius of Celtic poesy still lingers around the grey tors and among the fairy rings of the moorlands, what wonder that James Gay was born a poet! Listen:

> "I came on this earth a natural-born poet,
> And for the good of my fellow-man the world will soon know it;
> My talents received are too bright, understand,
> Ever to be buried in the sand."

What a picture of rural Devonshire is conjured up before our eyes in the lines—

> "Walked in those handsome groves lovely to be seen,
> Plucked those beautiful flowers, yellow, white, and green."

The touch of nature in the specified colours of the prevailing English flora—yellow, white, and green—is here worthy of remark. The buttercup and daisy occur to one instantly.

Gay's writings teem with affectionate allusions to his birthplace and his native country—

> "England with all her faults I love her still,
> Let men of no principle say what they will."

What sturdy trustfulness in every word! How gently he chides the country of his birth! With such sentiments expressed in such verse, one feels there is still something left to live for.

Emigrating to Canada in 1834, and settling in the "royal" city of Guelph, Ontario, where he has ever since resided, James Gay pursued his trade of carpenter, and amassed "considerable money." "Since then," he says in his correspondence, "I have followed gunsmithing, &c., having a store in the Market Square of this city (Royal City of Guelph, Ontario)."

With the generous imprudence characteristic of genius he—to use his own words—"went security for our Tax Collector, who came behind in his funds, which ruined me."

It is, perhaps, to this incident that Gay alludes in the beautiful poem upon page 49.

> "I have studied the feathered tribe, also my fellow-man,
> As for their rascality it's hard to understand ;
> It seems to be with them from their youth,
> Everything, as it were, but honesty and truth."

The Laureate at the period of his misfortune seems to have been keeping an hotel ; but whether among the shavings of the carpenter's shop or the glittering pewter and glass of the bar, the bard's inspiration flowed with an equal volume. Neither elated by prosperity nor cast down by trouble, an eschewer of politics, and—as may be gathered from his writings—a disciple of temperance, the vicissitudes of life left this extraordinary man unscathed. In spite of deceptions—to which, alas! we are all liable—we do not gather from our poet's own declarations that he has, upon the whole, been unprosperous. He appears to have found means and leisure to travel in his adopted country, through England, Ireland, and the Channel Islands, and it

would appear to be not improbable that the results of his observations may at no distant time appear in print.

At one period of his career we find him exhibiting a two-headed colt at an admission fee of ten cents, and, stranger still, selling printed copies of his incomparable lyrics for a few cents each. Schubert, we may remember, sold many of his compositions for a crust of bread. True, he was not like the subject of this slight memoir, Poet Laureate of half a continent; still he wrote some very pretty music.

Before seriously taking up these poems, it will be as well for the reader to get rid of antiquated prejudices upon the arrangement of dactyls and spondees. The inspired Muse of the Master of all Poets does not stoop to metre. As well harness Pegasus to a four-wheeled cab.

Gay utterly scorns the humdrum method of transcribing pursued by minor poets. With the licence ungrudgingly accorded to genius, his poetry is throughout committed to paper as prose.*

Walt Whitman has, in a measure, pirated the wild and fitful versification of our poet; but the subtle essence is not there. It is the frame without the picture. Let him pass: James Gay recks not. A

Vide opening paragraph on p. 23, and "A Few Remarks on Samson," p. 65.

momentary bitterness, perhaps, when the American versifier cribs whole passages, may call forth the lines—

> "Rascality is in man from his cradle to his grave,
> Nothing good whatever but to act the cunning knave."

But this soon vanishes, and the consciousness of poetic fire is expressed in the lines alluding to his own talent—

> "Those gifts are great, I feel happy to say;
> No one on this earth can take this away."

One is fain to admit how true this is. Such sentiments are the outpouring of an unsophisticated spirit as free from false modesty on the one hand, as from presumption on the other.

> "Truth is truth with James Gay,
> Can any man in this earth deny his statements in what he has to say?"

A well-known United States journalist remarks, apropos of the unjustifiable plagiarism of Gay's style:—"These verses have all the rush, movement, and roar of the Niagara River, which they resemble in another particular: they are likely as that river does to

keep the United States and Canada separated. This country cannot afford to annex a land whose greatest poet will come into such close competition with our own."

A keen observer, and drawing his inspiration from Nature, he sings, alluding to the spider—

> "We should study their works of nature,
> And watch their little plans."

And in the same touching lyric—

> "Poor butterflies! we are come to a shameful pass,
> With pins run through our backs and exposed to man through glass.

How the poet appears to identify himself with the creatures he contemplates! This is the true poetical Pantheism. The old Greek Hesiod breathes some of the same spirit, but Hesiod never wrote like this. Happily the poet himself is not completely unaware of the value of his verses. The writer has had the privilege of perusing some of his letters. In one he says, "You can get an engraving of my photograph and have it in my volume of poems. Then you can publish the poems and send them through England and no mistake you will find they will sell like hot cakes." There is something very

touching in this. In spite of an absence of fifty years, the memory of the veteran flies back to the cakes and junkets of his home in Western England.

In another letter he says: "I have been composing poetry all my life. I was born a poet and am bound the world should know it." *Poeta nascitur non fit* will occur to the reader, with the reflection that the sayings of Genius, like the doings of History, are apt to repeat themselves. "I raised four of a family, who are a credit to me. I have been composing more or less each day. I take my flute in hand so freely and drive dull care away."

Genial old man! Satisfied with a little, provided the Muses are present to bear him company, how like a Transatlantic Horace he writes!

To indicate the high esteem in which the poet's verses are held on the other side of the water, it may be mentioned that Barnum having offered a prize of 500 dollars for the best poem upon "the arrival of the first and only white sacred elephant from the land of Buddha" neither Senator Plumb nor Walt Whitman ventured to compete after hearing that James Gay was in the field.

It is probable that every member of the Royal Family of Great Britain has, at some time or other, received, in his own handwriting,

one of the Canadian Laureate's lyrics. This is their Royal privilege as patrons of Art and Literature throughout the Empire, and he who would begrudge them the tribute must be a democrat of the most ill-conditioned type.

In a poetical address to H.R.H. the Princess Louise, then in England, the bard says—

"I hope again to cross the seas and let old England know it,
"And to see Her Majesty in her own home, being the Master of all Poets.
"As the greatest of poets* have passed away,
"It appears it's left between Alfred Tennyson and James Gay."

This address seems to have been forwarded by Gay to the Home Office, and it will be noted that the Home Secretary in acknowledging its receipt forbears, with his usual tact, to wound Lord Tennyson's feelings by an expression of opinion upon the relative merits of the two Laureates.

An American journal, in a column devoted to an analytical consideration of James Gay's poems, says :—"We doubt if there is

* Longfellow, an American writer whom Gay, with touching modesty, and perhaps out of consideration for susceptibilities across the St. Lawrence, places upon a higher pedestal than himself.

in all Tennyson's poetry lines like these. We doubt, too, if Tennyson would consent as Gay does to leave the question of their respective merits to a popular vote. The Poet Laureate has no such serene confidence in his popularity as Gay has in his own."

How often are the lesser degrees of nobility bestowed upon men whose sole merit consists in being able to seize a happy opportunity of presenting, rather than composing in immortal verse, an address to Royalty!

Her gracious Majesty has been the first to break with the tradition of ennobling only money bags and political hacks.

Would it be too presumptuous to humbly suggest that, since the Laureate of England has been created Baron, the Laureate of Canada may not unjustifiably look forward to, at least, the minor rank of Baronet or Knight?

When the Master of all Poets can be addressed by his proud fellow citizens as "SIR JAMES," that event will at once mark a distinct epoch in Canadian literature, and constitute a graceful tribute to the greatest and most loyal of English Colonies.

Although born within a dozen miles of each other, we have been unable to trace any family relationship between the subject of the present sketch and another Gay, also a versifier, whose song has

been hushed close upon two centuries; nor is there sufficient resemblance in their poems to afford any internal evidence of consanguinity.

It will be observed that our poet is represented in the frontispiece holding the flute before alluded to, which for many years appears to have been his solace and inspiration. Should he carry out his declared intention of visiting England during the present year, the poet's flute may be the occasion of as great a surprise to the musical world, as his literary works will doubtless prove to the educated and reading public.

J. M.

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CANADA'S POET.

THESE poems composed are as nigh as I can, a truthful guide
For our fellow-man; composed by the Master of Poets,
James Gay, never to draw man's mind astray. Whoever buys my
Book, all should understand, those bright gifts received are not to
Be buried in sand. I am getting into years, I cannot walk so fleet;
Ofttimes I compose when walking on the street. Those gifts are
Great, I feel happy to say; no one on this earth can take this away.

MY ADDRESS TO HER MAJESTY.

My gracious Sovereign and my Queen, forgive me at present.
Once more I take up my pen to write to you, on this Easter day.

I arose this morning early, the sun began to dance;
Thousands these days think all things spring up by chance.
Your poet takes things in a different light,
As happiness is with him from morning till night.
The race of man is like the sun,
When called by death his glass is run;
As the brightest of poets have passed away,
And now it's left between Tennyson and Gay;
I feel happy as May,
For letters received from Her Majesty, Marquis of Lorne, and the Princess Louise,
Braving all dangers across the seas;
My fellow-citizens of Guelph and Belleville too,
With their gift of medals, will always prove true.
Two favours more I ask, as I've little more to say,
Is a medal from Her Majesty now across the sea,
With the honourable engravings of the Poet Laureate of Canada James Gay.

MY LATEST ADDRESS TO HER MAJESTY.

My gracious Sovereign and my Queen, as a little I have to say,
Once more I write to you, it's on this Easter Day.
I arose this morning, the sun began to dance;
Thousands this day think all things spring up by chance.
To see the sun shine clear and bright,
To me it was a happy sight:
It shone at least for one half hour,
Then disappeared and lost its power.

The race of man is like the sun:
When called away, his glass is run.
My honoured Queen, I feel sorry to say,
I received the sad news across the way
Of my brother Longfellow's death, on the twenty-fourth day.
Singular for me to say he died on my birthday, March, the twenty-fourth day.
The age of both is very true—
Longfellow seventy-five, and Gay seventy-two.
The brightest of poets have passed away:
Now its left between Tennyson and Gay.
I still feel like the flowers in May,
For letters received from the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise,
After braving all dangers crossing the seas.
I feel obliged to Guelph gents and the Bellvilleites too,
For their medals received will always prove true.
One favour more, as I've little to say,
Is a medal from our Governor,
And from Her Majesty, across the sea.

In reply to this letter, you are requested
to quote the following numbers :
82626
2

WHITEHALL, LONDON, S.W.

SIR,—I am directed by the Secretary of State to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 21st inst., forwarding, for presentation to the Queen and the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, copies of verses composed by you, relative to the occasion of the visit of Her Royal Highness and the Marquis of Lorne to Canada ; and I am to inform you that the same have been forwarded to Lieut.-General Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

A. J. O. LIDDELL.

Mr. JAMES GAY, Guelph, Ontario.

To Her Majesty the Queen, Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, and His Excellency Marquis of Lorne.

[The poet's visit to his home after twenty-six years in Guelph, Ontario, his adopted home. Being in Plymouth at the time of Prince Albert's death, I composed these touching verses.]

A NOBLE MAN.

In Plymouth town of high renown
There hung for public view
A beast well fed by our noble Prince;
Behold me this was true.
It hung in the street for quite a while, where thousands took their sight
A few days before this bright man his spirit took its flight.
Our noble Prince he caused no strife,
Taken away in prime of life;
Taken from his partner and children dear,
From them suddenly to disappear.
All through his life was a kind-hearted man,
Till death laid on him his chilly hand;
With his partner lived for many a year,
A loving parent and husband dear.
Our hon oured Queen and Albert lived as patterns to old England and Scotland.

To look at their children, though parted wide,
Their mother's love is all their pride.
Our Princess Louise could not take ease,
To visit her mother across the seas.
This has been a happy meeting,
Return to her husband a happy greeting;
May that happy pair be spared for many a long day,
Until called to their homes where nothing never fades away.

MY ADDRESS

To His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and Her Royal Highness Princess Louise.

Welcome to our royal city, welcome as the flowers in May;
Welcomed here by thousands standing on these grounds this day.

Welcome wherever you go will prove to you so clear,
Till you return to your native home, your home you love so dear.
Five years will soon pass by, time will not wait for man,
I wish you health to enjoy yourselves on our adopted land.
If spared to return to old England, may they all rejoice and sing
O'er your safe voyage across the seas, with long life and good health
to our Queen.
Many a long year, my honoured friends, since I left my humble cot
In Devonshire, my dearest home can never be forgot;
England, with all her faults, I love her still,
Let men of no principle say what they will;
There are thousands of rotten Englishmen, I must confess,
Turn their back on their country and dirt their nest.
For my Queen and my country I've always proved true,
And my colours will stand by the Red, White, and Blue.

MY ADDRESS. (No. 2.)

An address to my governor and Her Highness, Princess Louise
Both will leave us soon to cross the salt seas;

Five years have soon passed by, it would not wait for man,
I wish you both safe across the seas to your home and native land.
When you arrive in London may they all rejoice and sing,
O'er your safe voyage across the seas, with good health and long life to our Queen.
Your lordship puts me in mind of Nelson,
The bravest ever fought on the seas.
His last words were on the "Victory," if I think aright,
Says he, "My boys, you have done your duty!" his spirit took flight:
I hope it is in Heaven at rest with angels bright.
I hope my address to you will cause no disgrace,
My wish to both when called away to that most happy place;
It's a glorious thing for all mankind,
A happy tale to tell and to leave this world behind
Us, singing, "All is well! all is well!"
I've been in Canada almost fifty years,
To my Queen and my country proved loyal and true,
My colours will never disgrace.
Excuse my inability, my Lord, in my address to you,
Or old England's Red, White, and Blue.
Your Honour, I crossed the seas in '82 to see my gracious Queen;
She left for Balmoral on her birthday, so by me she could not be seen.

I hope again to cross the seas and to let Old England know it,
And to see Her Majesty in her own home, being the Master of all Poets.
As the greatest of Poets have passed away,
It appears it's left between Alfred Tennyson and James Gay.
Being so long in Canada, according to my belief,
I want to wear on my person the Canadian medal, the beaver and maple leaf;
So when I travel through my native land hundreds can have to say,
And also have the pleasure of seeing the world's Poet James Gay,
Poet Laureate of Canada up to this present day;
And when I receive my Canadian medal I shall feel happy as the flowers in May.
I hope my present Governor will grant me my request,
I shall wear it on my left breast,
Till I am called to rest.
Your Lordship, I take the liberty in sending you my likeness and my address. Yours alway, James Gay.

WELCOME TO OUR DOMINION.

In Halifax are just arrived the Marquis and his wife,
Their passage was a stormy one, it almost cost their life
Thanks be to the powers that rule both sea and land,
The happy pair are welcome both to our Canadian land.
When they arrive in Ottawa to inhabit their new home,
I hope they will feel as happy there as the one they left at home.
It's easy to leave one's native home with their handsome cot,
Still the land of your birth can never be forgot.
Our kind-hearted Queen will feel sad for a while
For the loss of her dear Louise, her sweet and loving child;
The kindest of mothers, of this we are sure:
Her children, though many, they all her adore.
They have left their dear homes, their hills, and their heather,
In Ottawa for a time will live happy together.
In our beloved Queen there is no selfish pride,
I hope she will often hear from her daughter and her husband
by her side.
As they are both landed safe let us rejoice and sing,
In our dominion of Canada, long life to our Queen.

I hope our bonny Scotch will not be nigh-sighted,
As our Governor took his English wife we should be more
united;
Leave off party feelings as it's not becoming man,
And live as brothers ought to live on our Canadian land;
Live together without malice or strife,
Like our Governor and his beloved wife.

WHAT ABOUT THIS EGYPTIAN AFFAIR?

It seems they are a wicked race,
The British flag they don't embrace;
I hope old England will come out right,
So as those wicked heathens will have no sight;
Murdering the innocent every day,
I hope before long will receive their pay.
No fear of death before their eyes,
Let's hope John Bull will take them by surprise,
Meet them fairly face to face:
Brave Englishmen will overcome this savage race;
Mr. General Sir Garnet is in the field,
All wicked men to him will have to yield;

They will do their best to carry the sway,
But England at last will gain the day;
Then, Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
And by the help of Mr. Sir Garnet will show those
Egyptians their silent graves;
No rascality or cruelty can prosper wherever it's carried out,
So those rascals by thousands will disappear before they
know what they are about.
Let us all do what we can
For the good and prosperity of our fellow-man.

WAR IN EGYPT.

BEFORE I go too far,
I will give you a sketch on the war.
This war in Egypt has been began:
Hundreds will die on the hot sand,
Our Life Guards brave, so tall and stout:
The Egyptian Force will soon them rout;
Their kilts and sabres with their old woman's dress
Will soon settle those rebels and put them to rest,

Although as numerous as the sand,
No nation on earth our British steel can stand ;
For centuries past have fought so true
No army on earth can these subdue.
Being a little man myself I would fight for Old England's glory ;
Should I have luck to come out scot free I would take out my
flute and play them "Annie Laurie."
Those rebels raise fast,
Still this war it cannot last.
Wherever true soldiers enter the battle-field
All heathens quickly have to yield.
In these poems you will find it true,
No nation on earth can ever conquer the Red, White, and Blue.
More fighting all for the best,
I feel proud o'er our great success.
Our commander is a good one I must declare,
The enemy was quick shot down in the front and rear,
Thousands dropt in quick make haste,
Those cruel savage wicked race.
I think you will find my statements true,
They will soon have enough of the Red, White, and Blue,

One thing not to be forgot,
Their sharp shooters proved good shots;
Many of our officers were shot down,
Before those rascals left the ground.
Thank goodness the war is over, we now have peace,
By defeating those savage beasts,
As brutes they've lived, as brutes they've died,
No rebel spirit can raise on high,
We dispersed those rebels and made them fly.

NOVEMBER THE FIRST.

BEING one of the oldest settlers in your town,
I cannot remember of seeing such a beautiful day;
On the first day of November, see the stars so clear and bright,
They give us light,
All through the night.
Young gents and ladies walk out bold,
The weather is not too hot or cold;
Jack Frost has kept his hand away,
Those young and old can sport and play

All through the night till the break of day.
The leaves in October have passed away;
Like man on earth, he cannot stay,
Falling more or less each day,
Our bodies soon return to clay,
Thousands do never give this a thought;
Then what will be their awful fate?
With millions this word, too late, too late,
Leave off this sinful life, and try to act more clever,
Put your trust in Providence, life changes like the weather.

A FRIENDLY ADVICE FOR THE BAPTIST PEOPLE.

A FEW words from your friend the poet,
As the world at large begins to know it:—
When I first went to your church
It was all very small, and yet there was room;
For still I feel happy, and have this to say—
Your members are increasing every day.
Nothing greater could ever please me,
To see all churches in Guelph unite and agree.

We read, before the end of time we must be of one mind;
Cast off this party feeling, as it's not becoming man,
And live as Christians ought to live on our adopted land.
As regards the names of church and steeple,
It has nothing to do with good living people.
Dissenting creeds of any kind
Should not destroy our peace of mind;
If on earth we have no peace,
We are far below the brute or beast;
A party man can act very civil,
It's impossible for him to please the Devil,
Giving all to understand, I cannot be a party man;
I never allow politics to disturb my brains,
As a poet I can wipe out all their stains;
The best politics ever man possessed,
Are truth, honesty, and his mind at rest.
See what party spirit has done:
Thousands lost their lives with sword and gun.
Oh, give to me a happy life,
Never want guns, pistols or knife;
He heeds not what idle scorners say,
He is going where thousands will never find their way;

He need not travel this world around,
Peace with him is quickly found.
The words of truth I find in a small space;
I shall leave this world with no disgrace.

THE MIND OF MAN OFTTIMES BLIGHTED.

See how oft men's minds are blighted,
Ofttimes, too, they are benighted;
Men rise up with might and power,
Ofttimes cut down in one short hour.
See the cares and trials through life,
Travelling through this world of strife,
Passing through a world of sorrow
In hopes of better for to-morrow.
Thousands looking for earthly pleasure,
Misers looking after golden treasure;
Others laying out a cunning plan
To rob and deceive their fellow-man.
Others, born of brighter youth,
Peace, good-will, honesty, and truth;

And why should men take such delight
To rob their neighbour day and night ?
This is what I can't come at, or understand,
This deep deception of our fellow-man ;
There is one thing : every man shows his character in his face,
Whether honesty or disgrace.
It seems to me, men's lot is cast—
Whatever it is, he can't surpass :
This is past our knowledge,
This is too deep for us to fathom, still there is
Plenty for our comforts every day.
Be on our guard to watch I say,
Till we are called away.

AN ADDRESS TO MY FELLOW-CITIZENS OF GUELPH.

My old townsmen of Guelph, I no longer can repine,
In composing this poem, giving pleasure to you and all mankind ;
I've been many long years with you : this you know is true ;
Not one of all could ever think the regard I've had for you.

Ofttimes you have met me in the street, pleasant, good-natured, and fine;
This I found my duty, to treat my fellow-mankind.
Worked hard in this town for many a year, and tried to do my best;
And, like other misfortunates, I fell away like the rest.
This we cannot account for, this far surpasses man,
It seems as if laid out for us after doing the best we can.
As we see this before us more or less each day,
We must submit to this with patience till we are called away.
We all have our misfortunes, of this we must confess;
Fighting against troubles, till we are further blest.
Let us take all things quietly,
For here we cannot stay;
Have pity, for those unfortunates who
Are falling more or less each day.
Let all look up to the Maker of Poets,
It's Him that knows the best,
And guide you safe to your spiritual homes
To take your final rest.
What a grand thing to think of! What a reconciliation!
This home is for all mankind, for every tongue and nation.

In closing this address to you, I've done the best I can
In showing all your duties towards your fellow-man.

THE OLD HUNDRED.

This old hymn, I should say,
Is one of the best solemn strains ever composed on earth;
Still, not composed by James Gay:
Composed by Martin Luther, one of the greatest reformers in his day;
And so is Gay.
This beautiful psalm is sung in all parts of this world—that is so—
By thousands of young and old, no matter where we go.
Martyrs have died in the flames when singing this song;
The fire raged with such fury as to burn their dying tongue.
Thousands still meet all over this world, as long as the sun does shine,
Singing the Old Hundred psalm so fine, their voices raised all of one mind;
All Churches on this earth do meet, and agree in love, and peace, and unity.

Let the old song be heard in your churches every day,
It will never draw your minds astray,
As it is the best tune on earth I say.
Leave all party feelings behind,
As they're no good at all to our fellow-mankind.
Drop the name of martyrs away,
Live happy on this earth like your poet, James Gay.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

O MARY, Mary, Queen of Scot,
Your needlework is not forgot;
Three hundred years have passed, they say,
Your beautiful piece of tapestry is still in the hands of Mrs. Thomas Dunn, of Nassagaway.
By what we read of you, I should dare to say
You were one of the finest queens that ever lived in Scotland in that day.
It's needless to say
Her handiwork is still beautiful after the space of three hundred years have passed away:

This is great and honourable of this lady, I must say.
In reading of Mary the queen, it took up my attention,
I found it my duty of her work to make mention;
Born on this earth are sister and brother,
All good deeds should be remembered from one generation to another.
The sweet remembrance of the just
Will flourish when laid in dust;
While on earth she did her best,
In peace her soul is gone to rest.
She fled to Elizabeth in England through fear,
And by her was thrown into prison for many a long year.

ON OUR CLIMATE.

On our Canadian climate I've a little to say,
As I've lived in it many years and cold days.
This present month, October, without strife,
Is the beautifullest I ever saw in my life.
Being one of the oldest settlers of this town,
Many is the cold winter I've seen pass round;

Many I've seen with their nose frozen, hands frozen, ears frozen, in
my day.
See, it now has passed away.
Still this climate is cold, but healthy;
Some die poor, some die wealthy.
This is the character of my fellow-man,
Deny to me all you that can;
Man's grasping ways are quite a disgrace,
Plainly to be seen in his face.
Don't think my statements far astray,
I can see misers in Guelph City almost every day,
Grasping after the shadow, walking fast:
Poor mortals will lose the substance at last!

CROSSING THE SEAS IN MAY.

I CROSSED the salt seas and braved many a danger:
It was there I fell in with many a stranger:
Met as stranger, parted as friend,
In hopes some day to meet again.

Wherever I go I make very merry,
Willing to help the lame o'er the ferry:
This is the motto of James Gay:
All anxious to hear him, very.
One thing at Queenstown, this is all true,
We took on board Greeks, Gentiles, and forty Jews.
Those passengers made up our jovial crew,
And myself as a poet, I made them laugh,
When I started and gave them my funny chaff:
All on board enjoyed themselves crossing the seas,
And will never forget the poet, James Gay:
We parted as friends it was plain to be seen;
I played them on my flute my old favourite tune, Long Life and Good Health to our Queen!

RASCALS AND KNAVES.

Rascality is in man from his cradle to his grave;
Nothing good whatever but to act the cunning knave,
Nothing good of any ever enters their troubled minds:

This is the character of this wicked lot,
Forget every proper thought.
To draw the peaceful minds astray.
Thousands of those rascals are around every day,
Believers like me are always civil,
Because there's a rampaging devil.
May they be shown their awful fate,
And their dreadful condition before this word Too late, Too late!
I have studied the feathered tribe, also my fellow-man;
As for their rascality it's hard to understand:
It seems to be with them from their youth,
Everything as it were but honesty and truth.
The greatest thing on earth ever man possessed
Is truth, honesty, and his mind at rest:
It's those and those only James Gay loves the best,
To those, and those only, his noble poems are addressed.

THIS IS A HARD WORLD TO FIGHT THROUGH.

It's hard for man to fight, though still he tries to do his best,
Troubles and trials all through our life of this we must confess;

Deceptive men on all sides, though very polite and civil,
Still when seen behind the screen cunning as the devil.
My glass is nearly run, no longer can I stay,
Preparing for my final home where nothing fades away;
My whole trust is in Providence: and this is all for the best,
Waiting with patience till I am called to rest.
This is grand to think of; a happy thing to tell,
When about to leave this world, all is well, all is well!
Let us one and all put our trust above, knowing we cannot stay:
As the leaves fall in October, we are falling every day.

POETRY AND POLITICS.

Poetry and politics, believe in me,
It's impossible for both to agree;
A poet must be of a sound mind, and a man of a sound
Principle, his gifts received are of the best,
No taste for politics, whatever, why he cannot take his rest.
A political man will stand and argue with his opponent from morning
till night;
Where this is carried out is malice and spite;

The best politics ever man possessed,
Are truth and honesty, and his mind at rest.
A poet's mind is clear and bright,
No room for hatred, malice and spite;
All through the day he is pleasant and kind,
Nothing doubtful on his mind:
His mind made up, he can't keep still,
From doing what is right as well.
The political man can do his best,
And still his mind is not at rest;
If we want to gain poetical treasure,
We must leave off sin and earthly pleasure;
Cast pride and spite away;
Live happy like your poet, James Gay.

PEACE OF MIND.

PEACE of mind is a grand thing, keep always in view,
As I have enjoyed this for many a year I cannot speak for you.
Troubles ofttimes cross our minds. This is for the best,
This is to try us like all the rest.

It ofttimes leaves us for a while, don't always stay with man,
Returns again like a refreshing shower, to do the best it can.
This again runs through my mind—
To live in peace with all mankind;
Through this I cannot keep still
From doing my best to fulfil,
My duty to my fellow-man,
To do him good, that's if I can.
To do our best most every day,
We can make our homes both happy and gay;
With your wives and children dear,
To all the world will prove so clear.
All through our life this should be done,
From the rising and setting of the sun.

ALL IS WELL.

THIS is a great thing, I must say:
When the mind is right we should have peace every day.
May we all keep in our right minds,
Will be a happy thing to tell;
We can then go on rejoicing all is well, all is well.

James Gay will be your guide from cradle to the grave;
Then why go against his will, and act the cunning knave?
Guard against the wicked man, he soon will take to flight;
Be on our guard each day we live, we shall find ourselves all right.
We have this watchword on the sea,
Where mariners all they should agree:
"Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell."
"Friend, all is well, all is well."
This should be the password on land,
On a dark night it would be a good plan.
If this be carried out all through,
Our life will be a pleasant tale to tell,
When lying on our beds unwell, all is well, all is well.

ON THE NOBLE BEAST.

My few remarks on the noble beast,
If well-fed, are a continual feast.
The horse, I should say,
Is the finest beast ever man saw in his day.
Those beasts of different kinds,
All seem to please the farmers' minds.

Such knowledge in those brutes this day,
In knowing every word you say.
The next is the dog, will cause no disaster,
Will stand like a rock, and die for his master;
There is a principle in those brutes, believe what I say,
What you cannot find in man every day.
You cannot put your trust in man,
He will ofttimes cheat you if he can;
Then give me the courage of the horse and the pluck of the dog,
He will protect his master, and his home all snug.
Those beasts for years gone by have proved themselves so clever;
Of what you seldom find in man, never, oh, no, never;
Of this I have ofttimes proved through my life:
They are nothing like man full of malice and strife.

WHAT IS MAN?

WHAT is man, poor sinful man, or any of his race,
Without a greater power to keep him in his place?
We are nothing of ourselves, here we cannot stay;
Then read the noble writings of the Poet James Gay.

The duty all who live on earth they will tell you, I say;
Then to a man all through our lives we cannot go astray.
Let peace and love be on our side while on this earth we stay.
Help our neighbour, if we can; live happy, like James Gay.
This Poet is often on the street, always happy in mind;
This he finds his duty—to treat his fellow-mankind.
The peace of mind is above all: keep this in view;
This can be enjoyed by all—believe me, this is true.
If on earth we have no peace
We are far below the brute and beast;
We have fine beasts of various kinds,
All those want is treatment kind,
Then those beasts will do their duty;
If not so, more I think it is the pity.

THE GENERAL HOSPITAL, GUELPH.

Our singing here is delightful, I am happy to tell;
All join in with one accord, it all came off so well.
Miss Giddis on the organ so sweetly did play,
One of the ablest I have heard for many a day;

Whenever she can find time to come
She is welcome as the flowers in May.
Miss Hall is with us once a week ever since I have been here,
Her readings are very good, her voice is loud and clear.
The bouquets from the Sunday-school children, with their teachers
by their side,
We received them from those little ones, I spread it far and wide.
This seemed to me a grand thing in these enlightened days,
I hope they will be prosperous for their kind and generous ways.
This shows to me the peace of mind in unity and love;
Join in and sing with one accord with the sweetness of the dove.
Music is dear to me, through life I love it dear;
I shall leave this world rejoicing without a frown or fear.

THE HARVEST IS OVER.

It's by the plough the farmer thrives,
Keeps thousands happy with their wives;
One thing more may well be said:
From those the little ones receive their bread;

They have borne the heat of the days, done their best,
With their wives and children can take their rest.
Farmers all should be thankful for the beauteous weather,
For their bountiful harvest in eighty-two; forget it, no, oh never.
Rejoicing to follow their Poet behind,
You farmers all should be of one mind.
As your crops, of course, are of the best,
You should help your neighbour in distress;
Do it through kindness and through love:
By this line of conduct many have throve.

HOSPITAL READINGS.

MINISTERS came to visit us quite a few,
Their numerous readings were all good and all true.
We read before the end of time all must be one mind;
I feel happy and Gay from day to day—
My heart feels delighted—
To see the ministers in the City of Guelph with hands and hearts united.
All nations on this earth should agree,
And live in peace and unity.

Wherever there is the least of spite,
Happiness for those there is no sight.
Then cast off all party feeling, as it's not becoming man,
Whether minister, lawyer, or doctor on our adopted land.
Pride has arrived into Canada, I am sorry to say,
With the ministers as well as their flocks, they are going somewhat astray.
So says the Master of all Poets, and his name is James Gay.

SWEET HOME.

SWEET home on earth is the best of all that ever man possessed,
When the toil of the day is o'er he can certainly take his rest;
The tune itself is dear to man, ofttimes played by Gay,
On his flute he plays so freely as to drive dull care away.

Sweet home is for every one (the world at large should know it),
And for all honest men, as well as your worthy poet;
Nothing can beat sweet home in a temporal light,
It is to me the sweetest sight.

We have to leave sweet home on earth, here we cannot stay;
Then read the noble poems of the Laureate James Gay.
In choosing your poetry, always read the best;
Do our duty while here below, till we are called to rest.

CALLING LAWYERS LIARS TO THEIR FACE.

I COMPOSE this poem on Guiteau's life,
A cold-blooded murderer and man full of malice, hatred, and strife.
In reading his trials, this beats all creation,
And all those lawyers on his part should be banished from every nation.
And to allow a murderer to stand at the bar, and cause such disgrace,
And calling lawyers liars to their face.
I've read the life and death of James A. Garfield, and rightly understand
He was one of the bravest of men ever born on American land;
And to be shot down by a lawless murderer and a thief,
Has brought his beloved wife and family to sorrow and to grief.

I am fond of my brother Americans for their kind-hearted and
generous ways.
As for the laws of your country, sink them in the seas.
My friendly Americans, I'm plain with you; I cut this poem brief:
I have no sympathy for liar, murderer, and thief.

GUITEAU IS GONE AT LAST.

THIS cold-blooded murderer is gone at last,
O'er his hideous crime could not surpass
His last words. If I think aright,
He left this world in malice and spite.

I've read the confession of many a man,
This Guiteau's is hard to understand.
He tried his hand on poetry (on this men must be civil)—
No man can compose aright when he is made captive by
the devil.

O'er his awful passions could not surpass,
On the thirtieth of June he breathed his last;
The life of this villain will be for sale right away,
And sell as fast as the poems composed by James Gay.

These few lines, you should take aright,
Men still like darkness far above light.

THIS SAD COMPLAINT.

This morning I feel weak in body, happy in mind,
To meet my friends again who have proved so kind;
This sad complaint of the heart disease
Sooner or later will end my days.

Every kind attention is paid
To the sick here by Mr. Griefson and Miss Wade;
I am happy to say
They soon get out of their weak state, bid all good-bye,
and walk away.

No respecter of persons is made here,
Treated kindly like me, Poet James Gay;
Restored my health, like others, with
My kind respects to all, took leave and walked away.

THE "BELLEVILLE INTELLIGENCER"

compliments our poet Gay upon his receipt of a medal, and says: "This is great news, and will be received with much satisfaction in this city, where the honoured poet condescended to reside for a time. We venture humbly to congratulate the new Laureate, whose verse is so much superior to that of G. W. Childs, A.M., of Philadelphia—the great mortuary poet of the age—to the productions of Byron, Moore, or any other of those old-style versifiers whom many people still think could write poetry with James Gay."

GAY'S TALENTS.

For want of his abilities they never can find the way,
Some have three talents, others five;
Gay has ten; you may believe.
Those with three (and it's easy to understand)
Thought not worth improving, and buried them in the sand.
Gay's came so direct to him, it's not for him to boast;
Received by him so kindly, knowing it's far above most.
It's superior talent he needs not to say,
Gives these poetical gifts to the master of poets, James Gay.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

In reading the life and death of this brave statesman,
This rather draws me to a stand
As I may say,
He had his troubles as well as Gay.

It shows to all what man can gain,
And, except poetry, what can't he obtain.
His first speech was laughed at like a dog with a bone,
But at last he came out their head corner-stone.

Ambition in man is great I must say,
Just like your poet you can see any day;
He feels just like Beaconsfield—best left alone,
Respects all on earth and still cares for none.

And at last as a poet he's the head corner-stone.
Many a challenge he's received—one from Hamilton,
One from Mr. Brooke, from Bradford, the other day—
But they are both terrible afraid of their master, James Gay.

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE and sobriety all should understand,
Two of the best things ever carried out by man;
Study this word temperance all for the best,
To be taken in so many ways, carry nothing to excess.

Intemperance is the forerunner of crimes,
Draws thousands into rascality and death before their times;
And still don't blame liquor for all,
Other things too are not for the best;
We should never fill our bodies to excess.

So many rascalities carried out by man,
Better than Gay who can understand;
Allow me to warn you of your danger of doing so,
But running further into sin is all the go.

JAMES GAY'S BOOK OF POEMS.

READ this book through from morning till night,
Nothing to be seen in it touching malice and spite;

This book of love may be your guide while on this earth you stay,
If you read it carefully you cannot very well go astray.

This has been proved by a man well known,
Namely, your kind, happy poet, James Gay;
And like all the old settlers in this city of Guelph,
You cannot take such pleasure away.

Troubles through life have been hard I must say,
Year after year they seemed to fall in my way;
Those trials through life can't be forgot,
All through it's been my sad lot.

A FEW REMARKS ON SAMSON.

It appears in his day he was both strong and fast, he killed Thousands of the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass. No such Man, we are well sure, ever lived on earth before. His wife betrayed him in a cruel way, caused his death without delay. His strength Returned before too late; hundreds of his persecutors received their Just fate. His faith was very great at the last; he killed more with

Himself than by the bone of the ass. Infidels say this is all a farce,
Samson never killed his enemies with the jawbone of the ass. All
Those sayings spring by chance, just like Paris, the city in France.

TO BE OF ONE MIND.

We should live on this earth and be of one mind,
Encourage no rascality of any kind.
We are sent here for a certain time for all to do our best,
Between our conscience and our fellow-man,
And we are called upon to do our best.
Time will not wait for us, here we cannot stay;
By reading the beautiful poems of Gay
No one ever was led out of his way.
Men rise up and think themselves clever,
Put no trust in them, oh don't, no never;
They are like rotten sticks when crossing the river,
No dependence on them, none whatever.

A GREATER SCHOLAR THAN JAMES GAY.

PEACE on earth, goodwill to men,
May anger never return again ;
May those words prove true,
O'er England, Ireland, and Scotland too.
This anger beats all creation,
The devil has his agents all over this world in every tongue and nation;
The devil must be a greater scholar than James Gay,
And by his cunning rascality his dupes made so easy must him all obey ;
Those born with requisite propensities always at hand,
Ready any moment at his command ;
Those born on earth with truth, peace and good-will,
Peace is with them, and always will.
Those happy thoughts are on their minds,
In the heavens above their souls will shine.
This is the belief of your poet, James Gay,
Show him one he ever led astray,
Only to study his spiritual welfare every day.

Why is this he has received such bright talents from Heaven above?
So as to enable him to compose, and tell you what he has to say in
unity and love.
My pen from paper I cannot keep still
Writing for my fellow-man and never will;
Those talents set before me are all clear and bright,
I can sit and compose for a whole fortnight.
Through this I well can say,
I am the Master of all Poets, who to me can say nay?
If so, let him have a quiet talk with James Gay.

THE NATURALIST.

I STUDY the works of Nature, also those little frogs:
Show me the men,
One but of ten,
As has kind principles like their dogs;
The dog will show no rascality or cause a disaster,
He will stand till the last and die for his master;
Truth is truth at all times with James Gay.
Can any man on this earth deny his statements in what he has to say?

He is a small man, holds no malice or strife,
This has been proved by him all through his life;
The horse and the dog I should say
Are the noblest animals on this earth to-day,
So says the master of poets, James Gay.

ON THE SPARROWS.

Mr. Goldie's sparrows, quite a number, returned to James Gay,
He feeds them with small wheat every day,
About eight in the morning, you can see them fly around
To feed on the wheat laid out for them on the ground.
This friend to those sparrows, he takes such delight,
To hear their little warblings from morning to night;
All are made welcome as the flowers in May,
Not one shall fall to the ground by the hands of James Gay.
If Mr. Goldie could hear their prattling ways,
He would send them some small wheat every day,
So between the miller and the poet too,
Those little birds are sure to do.
About four they take their flight,
If they could speak, they would say thank you and good-night.

CANADIAN CLIMATE.

CANADIAN climate must have been changeable ever since the world
begun,
One hour snowing, and the next raining like fun,
Our blood sometimes thick, other times thin,
This is the time colds begin.
After all, people seem strong and healthy;
Some die poor, others wealthy:
So men's minds are like the weather,
Cannot agree very long together.
This wicked spirit is around every day
To keep the minds of man astray;
The rich man's mind he does unfold,
And tells him how to make his gold;
No fear of death before his eyes,
Often taken by surprise.
O! what will be the rich man's fate?
Too late! too late, too late

SOMETHING GREAT ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE.

AMONG this wicked cruel race those sights so long have been seen in
the skies,
The deaths of thousands are drawing nigh;
How is this? It's hard to say;
Time will soon tell, so says your poet, James Gay.
When wars are nigh
Those signs are oft to be seen in the sky:
All this, understand,
Springs from the heart of wicked man.
The devil is at the back of it all;
He then takes possession of his poor deluded soul
Raised in malice
From a child;
All is gloomy, and not a smile;
Nothing happy, nothing gay;
Their lifeless bodies return to clay
So quickly you will understand,
Is through putting trust in deceptive man

UP, UP WITH YOUR FLAG!

Up, up with your flag, let it wave where it will;
A natural born poet, his mind can't keep still;
His talents received are so clear and so bright,
He can sit and compose from morning till night.
Not one in ten thousand can compose;
All those that can, should be on a good cause,
Come out boldly, in a straightforward way,
Never lead a brother astray.
The poet is ready to do his duty, as nigh as he can,
Between his conscience and his fellow-man.
Propensities of man vary like birds in the air,
This is why with a poet they cannot compare,
Bright ideas at his command,
Not to bury them in the sand.

TO READERS, AND ALL WHO READ.

My books—you should rightly understand—
Are composed most carefully for the good of my fellow-man;

Not at all to draw your minds astray,
As it is all your privilege as well as your poet's, James Gay.
We are all free agents, we should speak our mind,
Never to get between the oak and the rind.
Be a man or a mouse, or a long tail'd cat,
And never wear two faces under one hat.
Such characters as those are by no means sound,
To hold with the hare and run with the hound;
Giving a few outlines of my fellow-man,
As nigh as I can see or understand.
The best-learnt man on earth cannot fathom the different propensities of man,
As their difference in their belief is almost numerous as the sand.
Thousands born in our civilized nations don't believe in a future state!
Worse than the poor heathen—too late! too late!
Look at those poor Indians in their wild state,
Some curious thoughts came over their minds;
And still, for all, they were well-inclined:
They believed in the Great Spirit, and in good
And bad Indian, after death, good

Indian would raise in another world; fine
Hunting grounds, plenty of deer. Bad Indian would find
Swamps, bad hunting, and very few deer.
This was their belief in their wild state.
I have heard them speak of this myself, many years ago.
Those will be happy some day,
When civilized people are cast away.
Some can't believe in dreams: those deny
Everything good on those different propensities.
I will cut my reading short and brief—
All those will get their pay according to their belief.

SEE HOW QUICK THE NEWS FLIES AROUND!

If a great show comes to our town, see how quick the news flies around!
Those, of course, are men of high renown.
The Town Hall is crowded with our swells.
Oh, did not this performance come off very well?

All felt happy, well-inclined,
To see this play, all of one mind.
This is all very good in a temporal light :
Left for their homes without spite.
Now, in our spiritual affairs all is different, this I will prove clear,
Which to man should prove so dear :
Those temporal scenes soon pass away,
And we should be all of one mind before we return to clay,
Just as when we go to see
Those shows and plays. Wherever we
Are, we should hold no strife;
In any other way we cannot have a happy life.
We are all free agents, I know this well;
We can all live happy while on earth we dwell,
Both in temporal and in spiritual,
And we cannot love our brothers and sisters too well.
If any man wants to draw your minds astray,
Cast him off, to him have nothing to say,
But carefully read all the beautiful poems of the Master of Poets
James Gay.

THE BRIGHTEST OF POETS HAVE PASSED AWAY.
NEVER A ONE OF THEM COMPOSED ON THE ELEPHANT AND THE FLEA,
AT LAST IT'S COMPOSED BY THE POET, JAMES GAY.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE FLEA.

BETWEEN those two there's a great contrast,
The elephant is slow, the flea very fast,
You can make friends with the elephant and gain his good-will,
If you have a flea in your bed you cannot lie still:
A flea is a small thing, all times in the way,
Hopping and jumping like beasts after their prey,
Oft dropt inside your ears—don't think this a wonder,
You will think for a while its loud claps of thunder:
We can make friends with all beasts ever came in our way—
No man on earth can make friends with a flea;
The elephant is a large beast, and cunning no doubt;
If you offend him, look out for his snout;
Give him tobacco, it will make him ugly and cross,
A blow from his trunk's worse than a kick from a horse;
And still they are friendly, will cause no disaster,
Beg around in shows, make money for their master:

On this noble beast, the elephant, I have no more to say;
And this little black insect will have its own way.
A flea you may flatten if you know how,
But an elephant no man can't serve so anyhow.
One thing seems wonderful to your poet, James Gay—
All beasts and little animals seem to have a cunning way;
Just like the whales at sea, they seem to know their foes,
Upsets their boats in a moment, and down they goes.

ON THIS MYSTERIOUS BIRD.

GOLDSMITH could not find his way;
It's left till the nineteenth century to the master of poets, Gay:
This bird to me is a mystery, to this I must confess,
Why she never feeds herself and never builds her nest;
She lays her eggs in other birds' nests, of this I am sure,
Sometimes in a sparrow's nest, or the ground-lark on the moor:
This ground-lark feeds her, he is her only friend.
On her three months' visit through England, Scotland, and Ireland,
Till she returns again: she arrives in April, her voice is loud and clear,
Made welcome by all the time she chooses to stay here;

Her voice in early morning is both loud and clear,
She wakes up the mountain lark which flies so high in the air;
She leaves in July, her voice still loud and clear,
Singing, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, o'er the land I love so dear.

ON THE BEE, THE SPIDER, AND THE BUTTERFLY.

On those three small insects I have a little to say,
As the brightest of poets have gone and never found the way.

First, on the Bee.

This little bee we ofttimes see in country and in town,
For workmanship and industry no such on earth is found.
Nothing on this earth, as far as I can see,
Can compete with this little bee.
See them carry their heavy loads loaded to the ground,
Ofttimes before they return to their hives stumble and fall down;
All through the summer months are up at the earliest hours,
Gathering their winter's food from all sweet plants and flowers.
All work together so charming and fleet,
Gathering as they're passing from all flowers they meet;

Thousands work together in one small hive,
Packing their winter's food to keep themselves alive.
A thief drops in among them to rob them of their prey,
They are soon found out by those little ones and killed without delay.
Those lazy ones that rob them, ofttimes called drones,
Soon find out to their sorrow those bees are best left alone.
All lay up through the months after doing their best,
Eating of their honey, all happy and at rest.
Those insects are a guide for man as far as I can see,
Then live happy together while on this earth like that little honey-bee.

SECOND, THE SPIDER.

The spider, with the bee, is second in command,
With their beautiful works so complete, it far surpasses man—
Readers all, both far and near, I hope you will take me right—
They lay out their plans at the evening-tides and work on them all night.
In my boyhood it's ofttimes made me smile
Watching their webs they work so neat in my home and native Isle

Watching them so close, this I must confess,
By catching those poor flies to pop into their nest;
Out would pop the spider, so cunning and sly,
Without cause or provocation takes the life of the poor fly.
Little as those insects are they have their wise plans
In working their webs so neat it far surpasses man's.
We can see this every day, and not walk far from home
To see the spiders work their webs and the bees their honeycombs.
We should study their works of nature, and watch their little plans,
Walk through this world with honesty, and do all the good we can;
Live on this earth like those insects in harmony and love,
Run through our stage of life in hopes to meet above.

THIRDLY—THE BUTTERFLY.

We come out as butterflies far above the rest,
With our handsome colours as caterpillars dressed;
We lay up through the winter months, as it were confined in a sack;
We come out in summer with our beauty on our backs.
We turn out sprightly, so charming and sweet,
Sucking from every flower wherever them we meet.

Poor butterflies! We are come to a shameful pass,
With pins run through our backs, and exposed to man through glass.
In reading this poem all should understand,
Cruelty of any kind is not becoming man.
On those insects I have no more to say;
Let one and all enjoy themselves through each sun-shining day.
Believe in me, those insects three, are guides for our fellow-man,
With their industrious ways, and not a lazy one. Now, my friendly readers, you can
Read the poems of other able poets who have passed away,
But none of them are on insects, or the elephant and the flea.

THE MASTER OF ALL POETS.

I WILL show all those great poets at present,
By reading this book of poems they
Find out their master, James Gay.

THE FEATHERED TRIBE AND THE POET GAY.

On the feathered tribe and for
The good of my fellow-man, one thing more
I have to inform you, and feel happy to say
There's not a man on this earth qualified to draw wool over
the eyes of James Gay.
My talents received are so clear and bright,
I can sit and compose from morning till night,
No study at all with Gay.
It cannot put his mind astray,
He can talk with you in a poetical way,
This makes him master of all poets this day.
I was born a poet,
The world at large begins to know it.
Those would-be poets try it on
With James Gay, and not one
Of them can find their way,
So at last it's left for Lord Tennyson to admit it right away.

THROW ALL OUR GROG BOTTLES AWAY, LIKE J. GAY

YOUR poet is a great advocate for good. All our duty as far as we can,
Is to love and respect our fellow-man ;
Rush to do him good, that's if we can ;
Whether Greek, Gentile, or a Jew,
We are in duty bound to help him through.
It's not the church of any kind
Can destroy the peace of your poet's mind ;
He's a true believer every day,
Lives as happy as the flowers in May.
Anything for good that we can see
We should turn out and help like that busy bee ;
Those are a guide for our fellow-man,
Doing good is their every day's plan ;
All through the day all do their best,
When night comes on they take their rest.
All insects have their cunning ways ;
All those are of one mind
To make their homes so neat and fine.

Oh, if man could only see,
And live as happy as that bee;
Cast off bad thoughts of any kind,
The world very soon would be of one mind.
Live on this earth in love and peace,
And not to act as brutes and beasts.
Let temperance be our guide while on this earth we stay;
With good of all kinds
Be on our minds,
And throw all our grog bottles away,
Like J. Gay.

BARNUM AND GAY.

Barnum and Gay
Are smart men to day,
One as a showman, the other a poet;
The world at large shall know it.
Barnum has proved himself the greatest showman on earth to-day,
And Gay the master poet;
Who can say nay?

His poems through this book are all true,
As a guide for lawyers, ministers, and doctors too.
It's not what a man profess;
It's what a man possess.
All trees are known by their fruit, and men are known by their good
or bad actions, either to rise or fall.
Plain talk for a poet like Gay,
He has to come out in this friendly way.

AN ADDRESS TO PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

Dear Sir, we read in the papers of your sad fate,
Never give up, it's not too late.
It's hard to be shot by a lawless thief;
It's brought your beloved wife and children to sorrow and grief.
Fought for your country without strife;
Shot down in prime of life.
To be taken from your friends with whom you fought so free
To crush rebellion and put down slavery.
Lincoln and yourselt have been both shot down;
I hope, with good nursing, may still come round.

Both lived on this earth a matchless life,
Never caused hatred, malice, or strife.

ON THE HONOURABLE G. BROWN.

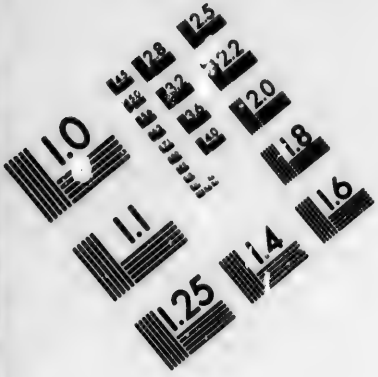
Poor George Brown is gone at last,
O'er his wound could not surpass ;
His politics we don't mind a bit,
Knowing well he died with grit.
Politics with man are no disgrace,
When kept in their proper place ;
The best politics ever man possessed
Are truth, honesty, and his mind at rest.
A party man may act civil ;
He cannot please God and the devil.
In this poem you may well understand,
No happiness for a party man ;
If he wants to enjoy a happy mind,
He must live in peace with all mankind.
I give it to all in my straightforward way—
As the motto of your poet, James Gay.

When on this earth George done his best,
I hope he now has found his rest.

MY NATIVE LAND.

In Devonshire, my dearest home, I took my first repose,
Ofttimes in my boyhood I've plucked the early rose;
Walked in those handsome groves, lovely to be seen,
Plucked those beautiful flowers, yellow, white and green.
Fifty years in Canada, it seems as if my lot,
Still my humble cottage can never be forgot;
Returning to my home again, the weather so bright and clear,
At the sight of the old thatched cot, it drew many a tear.
Thousands of my countrymen, this I confess,
Turn against old England, leave dirt in their nest;
My colours I will stand by—the Red, White, and Blue,
For my Queen and my country I've always proved true.

FINIS.



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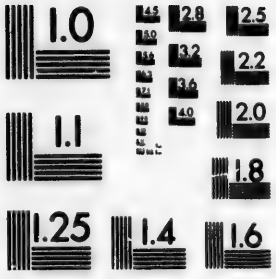

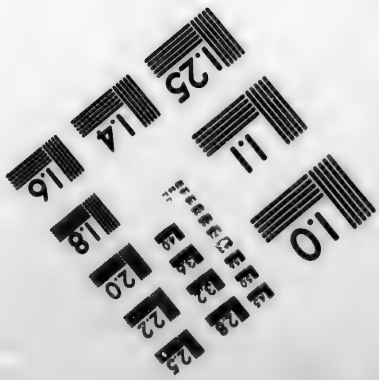

ADDENDA.

THE "DETROIT FREE PRESS" ON THE POET LAUREATE OF CANADA.

WE have received from Mr. James Gay, "Poet Laureate of Canada, and Master of all Poets," copies of some poems, "written while crossing the sea." They are accompanied by an "Address to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria," and Mr. Gay's own "address" to the "Royal City of Guelph, East Market Square, Ontario." Mr. Matthew Arnold has declared that Emerson is not a poet, and we have no doubt that he might have the impudence to say that Mr. Gay is not a poet, too; but we say it, and say it boldly, that if Gay is not a poet, neither is the "Sweet Singer of Michigan" nor Walt Whitman.

In an address to the Mayor of Liverpool he informs his worship that

> The death of my brother Longfellow across the way,
> Is partly the reason why I've crossed the sea.

Addenda.

Singular for me, I have it to say, he died on my birthday.
The age of both 'tis very true, Longfellow 75, Gay 72.
As the brightest of poets have passed away,
And now it is left between Tennyson and Gay.

Generally speaking "way" does not rhyme with "sea," unless "sea," is given the Irish pronunciation which two centuries ago was good English pronunciation also; as Cowper says in his poem on Robinson Crusoe:

I am monarch of all I survey,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute,
From the centre all round to the sea (say),
My right there is none to dispute.

The principle on which Mr. Gay makes "72" rhyme with birthday must be in accordance with some very "early English" not generally known; perhaps, however, he means it shall rhyme with "true" in the middle of the line. Although Mr. Gay believes in poetical licence, he is not a grasping kind of man who thinks that because he is a poet he has a monopoly of all the good things of this world. He has more or less of a mortgage on the hereafter, as he says in his poem "On Man's Future Estate:"

Addenda.

I shall leave this world rejoicing,
Without one frown or fear,
Pass from time into eternity, with countenance clear.

But he has no selfish, grasping disposition to keep other people from having the same chance as himself;

We all have that privilege to prepare
For the great forthcoming day,
As well as the Master of Poets, James Gay.

If there were no other reason for thinking Mr. Gay a poet, we have his own word for it, so explicit and positive and candid, that it would be impertinent to doubt it.

Laurels, I have not gained through superstition,
But won by merit and fair ambition;
The greatest poets have long since gone to rest,
Only two are left behind of the very best.
Alfred Tennyson is from the south of England,
And James Gay is from Devonshire, in the west,
So both poets are English I am proud to say.
It now remains for all to say
Who is the master poet of the day,
Tennyson or James Gay.

Addenda.

The touch of modesty in the last three lines is worthy of Tennyson himself, although we doubt if there is in all of Tennyson's poetry two lines like these. We doubt, too, if Tennyson would consent, as Gay does, to leave the question of their respective merits to a popular vote. The poet laureate has no such serene confidence in his popularity as Gay has in his own.

Perhaps the most heroic and epic of Gay's poems are his "Lines on the Death of Captain Webb."

Addenda.

THE FOLLOWING POEMS BY MR. GAY HAVE ALREADY APPEARED IN THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE COUNTRY FAVOURED BY HIS ADOPTION.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

GAY is a poetical name, it is our just opinion,
Should his life be spared with us for a while,
He'll ever be the Poet of our Dominion.

Addenda.

Giving all men on earth to understand
His poems are not received through man,
Received by him through perfect love, given by a power above.

GUELPH, September 2nd, 1875.

On this morning as the clock struck five, without any opposition,
I made up my mind without delay to compose for this great exhibition,
As this beautiful month is come again—the month of September,
We all should look on it with a smile, this pleasant month remember.

Other things came fresh to mind where on my bed I lays,
Of this great show which must take place
For four successive days.

Thousands, I say, will visit each day our beautiful driving grounds,
With our bands those days, what more can I say, with their lovely charming sounds;
Our bands they play so lively, all this I must confess,
When I am laying in my bed and taking of my rest.

On this show ground of high renown, it will beat all creation,
Thousands each day will make no delay,

Addenda.

With sight-seekers from all nations,
Farmers, too, will all rush in and crowd up both our stations.

All things are laid out beautiful, as you take your walks around,
You can travel again for thousands of miles,
None such again are found.
You travel east, you travel west, return to Guelph and say it's best.

Few words for our Town Innkeepers, I hope you won't get tight,
Carry out your business decently from morning until night,
So as our visitors by the thousands will return and have to say
They've been treated in our town of Guelph in a kind and friendly way.

Judges to award, for you come boldly to your stand,
And watch their stock most carefully for the honest farming man ;
If you don't do things right, it will cause them for to stumble,
Never leave the grounds one night without a frown or grumble.

This is their nature, friends, I am sorry for to say,
Meet them where or when you will, they are grumbling every day,
With all my heart, I'll raise and take the farmer's part. That's my way.

Addenda.

It's by the plough the farmer thrives,
And keeps poor men happy with their wives ;
Through him, too, may well be said,
That little children receive their bread.
In fact we need not frown or brawl, the honest farmer pays for all.

The greatest wonder for four days
To be seen at the stall of the poet Gay's,
His twoheaded Colt so tall and thin,
The greatest sight that ever was seen.

Come one, come all, as well you may,
Ten cents will only be the pay,
Gay's five-cent poems will all surprise,
Both farmers and their loving wives.

Then rally, strangers, from day to day,
To hear the flute the poet play,
Come forward, gents, both stout and tall,
As fifteen cents will pay for all.

Addenda.

Our citizens they will turn out ;
You will see them on their stand
Where we often see and like to hear
The music of each Band.

All through our show we shall have them,
Some chanting, while others will sing.
At last will come out our National air,
With health and long life to our Queen.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER COMPARED WITH MAN.

YOUNG men rise smart and healthy, rosy cheeks so
Clear and bright, see those cheeks again to-morrow
Cut down like grass a withered sight,
It's now for us all to prepare before we fall into the snare.

TO MY FRIENDS.

My friends on earth, I well may say,
There is time for all things and time to cast away,
As for Sleeman and his good beer, its
Composed through friendship not through fear,

Addenda.

This is made out appropo,
Good sense should all well know,
Men of merit is foremost on my mind,
Though life to me has not always proved kind.
The frowns of man is nothing to Gay,
As he is happy by night and day,
Meet him where or when you will,
Gay is Gay and happy still,
Composing more or less each day,
Once as blooming as the flowers in May,
His blooming days are going fast,
Above will be his home at last.
My dear friends on earth look at
This, and rightly, understand, these are
Beautiful Christmas poems.
Composed for the good of my fellow-man
These are all composed for Christmas day,
And not to draw your minds astray.

Adaenda.

My gracious Sovereign and my Queen, I feel happy this day,
With another small address to you, before crossing the sea,
I feel anxious once more to see my home before I take my rest—
And behold my Gracious Queen who so kindly replied

TO MY FOURTH ADDRESS.

Addenda.

I also enclose my latest poem to my Queen,
On one of the brightest of men,
Who never can return on earth again.
ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN WEBB.

I further take the liberty to enclose
With my address, a photograph likeness of
JAMES GAY, the Master of all Poets this day,
Royal City of Guelph, East Market Square.
One poem for my gracious Queen,
And one for each of her beloved family.
May her time be long over us,
Happy and glorious;
Blessed when called from us,
God save our Queen.
On this small address I have no more to say,
May her life be spared that she may enjoy
Many happy birthdays
This the world should know,
Comes from the heart of your poet,

JAMES GAY.

Addenda.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN WEBB.

THESE verses composed on one of the brightest of men,
Can never return on earth again.
No man like him before ever swam from shore to shore:
This was done by him as hundreds have seen
From Dover in Kent to Calais Green.
He left his wife and children dear,
His lot was cast this proves so clear.

Could see no danger before his eyes,
Death took him quickly by surprise.
No doubt he thought himself clever,
Could never have thought to breathe his last in Niagara river—
Where no man on earth could ever swim
Across this whirlpool, never, never.
This brave young man, he caused no strife,
Cut down in the prime of life, left behind him a widowed wife.

'Tis not for man to frown or brawl,
His lot was cast in Niagara Falls.
I saw his likeness in Marshall's place,
Plain to be seen without disgrace.

Addenda.

Those men in his company that day were clever,
Could not see his danger in Niagara river.
It was not to be, the young and fast,
This was laid out for him to breathe his last.
As I have often said, and say again,
I am sorry to hear of an untimely end.

'Tis time for us all to prepare for fear of this dreadful snare ;
As this roaring lion is around every day,
Our precious souls for to betray.
Let us cast all our fears on Christ, and on his word rely—
We can all live happy while on this earth,
And in heaven when we die.

Composed by
JAMES GAY,
The Master of all Poets this day.

Royal City of Guelph, East Market Square.

N.B.—Your poet is about to visit these falls,
Where Captain Webb received his death call.

Addenda.

CHRISTMAS.

FARMERS are not forgotten with your prattlers by your sides,
Saying " Papa, dear, you will not forget our pleasant sleigh rides."
Our merchants in town of high renown will be a friendly sight,
And will meet their customers on Christmas Eve with joy and heart's delight.
Whether temperate or teetotal of this I am well sure
You will treat them all with your Christmas glass just behind the door.
Butchers too, a word for you, being a lively lot,
Your beautiful meat by the Poet James Gay can never be forgot.

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